

# Orangeburg Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME VI

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1878.

NUMBER 17

## GIN GEARING SHAFTING AND BOLTS

CHEAPER  
THAN EVER BEFORE

AT THE  
FOREST CITY FOUNDRY

AND  
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And Machinery of Kinds Made and Re-  
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Oct 27 1250 52

## MARRIED DR. BUTTS

Life No. 12 N. Eighth St.  
St. Louis, Mo.

Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the  
sexual troubles of both male and female than any physician  
in the West, gives the results of his long and successful  
practice in his new work, just published, entitled:

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE  
THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER

Books that are really guides and self-instructors in all nat-  
ural troubles of both male and female than any physician  
in the West, gives the results of his long and successful  
practice in his new work, just published, entitled:

POPULAR PRICES—50 cts. each  
both in one volume, \$1.00 in cloth and  
\$1.50 extra. Sent under seal, on receipt  
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TO RENT.  
That large and commodious Brick Store,  
formerly occupied by Mr. C. R. Jones.  
For terms apply to  
MRS. M. E. MCNAMARA.

aug 11

REED TALL  
Words of Advice.

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## "Bill Arp" Smokes the Pipe of Peace.

Mr. EDITOR: I love to meet a  
nabor and hear him say, "how's  
craps?" I continue to like farmin'.  
I like it better and exspect that the  
wheat is sumwhat doubtful about  
makin a crop. A little long bug  
with a tail at both ends has got in  
the joints and sucked the sap out, and  
is fallin down in patches. Looks like  
there is always sumthin preyin on  
sumthin, and nuthin is safe from dis-  
aster in his subloony world. Flies  
and bugs and rust prey on the green  
wheat. Weevils eat it up when its  
cut and put away. Rats eat the corn  
—molecs eat the gubers—haws eat  
the chickens—the minks killed three  
of our ducks in one night—chickera  
kills the hogs—and the other night  
one of my nabors' mules cum along  
with the blind stagger and fell up a  
pair of seven steps right into my  
front f and died without kickin.  
Then there is briars and nettles and  
tread safis and smart-weed and pisen-  
oak and Spanish needles and cackle  
burrs and dog fennel and snakes,  
thats always in the way on a farm  
and must be looked after keerfully,  
especially snakes, which are my eter-  
nal horror, and I shall always believe  
a sun kin to the devil himself. I  
can't tolerate such long insects. But  
we farmers hav to take the bad with  
the good, and there is more good than  
bad with me up to the present time.

My corn begins to look splendid.  
These warm nights it grows while I  
am asleep—just like the intrust on  
them darn little just debts you owe—  
excuse me, Mr. Editor, I don't know  
for sartin that you owe any, but it's a  
reasonable presumption, considerin  
your business, and its no disgrace, no  
how. Most everybody owes em from  
the United States of America down  
to the umblest individuals of which  
last I am whom. I look upon it as  
a charitable act to borrow from a  
man who has a surplus. I think a  
heap of Governor James and Gen.  
Austell, and all such, and it would  
greve me to hav their money get  
musty and would rust and rot for  
lack of borrowers. I sometimes take  
a little just to encourage 'em, for they  
are human beings, and just as much  
entitled to a livin' as the best of us.

Mr. Editor, it's a great comfort  
to me to set in my piazzer these  
pleasant evenings and look over the  
farm, and smoke the pipe of peace,  
and ruminate. Ruminat upon the  
rise and fall of empires and parties  
and presidents and preachers. I  
think when a man has passed the  
Rubicon of life, and seen his share of  
trouble, smokin' is allowable, for it  
kinder reconciles him to live on a  
while longer, and promotes philosofic  
reflection. I never know'd a high  
tempered man to be fond of it. Old  
Aunt Patience told me she had been  
smokin' for 50 years, and I heard her  
advisin' Mrs. Arp to try it awhile,  
for, sez she, "missus, it makes a body  
so quiet and peaceable." But my  
wife, you know, was raised a Metho-  
dist, and they are ferent it. Just  
like other denominations they make  
a close run on sum things, and on  
others a little loose in the socket.  
I'm now 'livin' in a Methodist settle-  
ment, right under the drippus of  
Dr. Felton's chapel, and they are a  
good people around me, and I've  
been wonderin how the doctor kept  
em all so strait while he was so far  
away. It does look like a pity to  
see his meetin house closed every  
Sunday, and maybe when he comes  
home again, a kind Providence will  
conclude to let him abide with his  
flock. But then, on the other hand,  
it may be more important for the  
doctor to use his influence with the  
rascals at Washington to keep them  
from stealin and lyin, and at the  
same time attend to our political in-  
trust and continue to send us reliable  
gardin seed, and it may be all for the  
best. The good Lord knows I don't.  
Therefore I haven't made up my  
mind about sending him back again.  
You see there is Gen. Wofford, who  
is my friend, and he mout want to

go, and he built a finer meetin' house  
than anybody, and anybody is wel-  
come to preach in it who is heavenly  
minded and a good democrat. The  
general is no preacher, but then he  
can run the camp while the doctor is  
runnin the cross. Then there is my  
friend Gus Wright, and he mout  
want to go. He aint got any meetin  
house of his own, but then he preach-  
es all around generally, and dips 'em  
and washes the saints' feet, and so  
forth. He was a general, too, and  
can run the camp and the cross both,  
and I always wondered why he did-  
ent build him a sinnygog or sumthin.  
I like to see every man worked  
up to the full measure of his capaci-  
ty. You see the preachers and the  
soldiers have got the country sorter  
in a swing; and no other sort needa  
run for office till the swing wears out.  
Nobody needn't try to get in on the  
eternal principles of the Jeffersonian  
democracy. Therefore, if we hav got  
to take 'em, lets take the very best  
we can get.

Mr. Editor, I read the other day  
that there was thirty seven preach-  
ers in Congress, and they was all Metho-  
dists and Baptists, and it didn't look  
exactly fair to me. Cant we have a  
few Presbyterians and Episcopalians  
sent on just to keep the scales on a  
balance? But then they couldnt go,  
for their churches won't let 'em. I've  
ruminated a power over these things,  
and aint hide bound about it neither,  
for my doctrine is not to fuss about  
what you cant help. I reckon its as  
proper for a soldier of the cross to go  
to Congress as a soldier of the camp,  
and them two sorts seem to be a  
gaining ground among the people  
every day. I wonder if a soldier of  
the cradle will ever stand any chance?  
Solomon said if a man had his quiver  
full of children he should stand in  
the gates, or words to that effect, and  
Solomon was a smart man, but it  
looks now-a-days like a poor feller  
with ten or a dozen didnt hav much  
time to stand around a gate or swing  
on it either. But I forbear for the  
present.

Yours truly,  
BILL ARP.  
P. S.—Ax Harris if he can tell  
why a hop vine winds round a pole  
with the sun, and a bean vine climbs  
it the other way? He never ans-  
wered my first conundrum yet, and,  
in my opinion, he's busted.  
N. B.—Take notice,—I had a  
sick mule yesterday, and seven men  
cum along and told me what to do  
for him, and so I give him lie soap  
and paragoric and salt and whisky  
and buttermilk and molasses and  
epson salts and kerosene oil and lard  
and bled him in the mouth and rub-  
bed him with a rail and he got well.  
Please ax Harris what cured him.

B. A.

She Saw.

A tracky sort of a boy stood in  
front of a house on Sprout street for  
a full quarter of an hour, gently rub-  
bing his sore heel against the fence-  
pickets and thinking deeply, but  
there was a well-counterfeited look  
of alarm on his face as his vigorous  
pull at the bell got the woman of the  
house to the door.

"What is it?" she asked as he look-  
ed this way and that and danced  
around.

"Put down yer winders—bolt yer  
doors—yard all full of lions!" he re-  
plied as he skipped for the gate.

She uttered a little scream and  
disappeared, and for half an hour  
that house was as tightly colosed as  
a post-office box on the upper tier.  
Then the woman cautiously put her  
head out, gazed around, grew bolder,  
and finally appeared in the frant  
yard. She looked about her, her  
chin trembling a little, but by de-  
grees a peculiar look stole over her  
face.

"Yes—um—I see!" she snapped as  
she turned to go in. "The boy saw  
those tiger-lilies and played a game  
on me. Um—I see!"

She never thought of dandelions.

There are 30,000 French people  
in New York.

## A Few Familiar Quotations.

Not found in the Bible, Shakspeare,  
Pope or Hudibras.

Music hath charms to soothe a  
savage breast.—Congreves Mourning  
Bride.

Hell hath no fury like a woman  
scorned.—16.

How happy could I be with either  
were 'tother dear charmer away.—  
The Beggar's Opera.

She walks the waters like a thing  
of life.—Byron's Corsair.

Man's inhumanity to man makes  
countless thousands mourn.—Burns.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.  
—Burns Tam O'Shanter.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's  
honest bark bay deep-mouthed wel-  
come as we draw near home.—Byrons  
Don Juan.

Between two worlds life hovers  
like a star upon the horizon' verge.  
—16.

"His distance lends enchantment to  
the view.—Campbell's Pleasures of  
Hope.

Like angeles' visits, few and far  
between.—16.

His back to the field and his feet  
to the foe.—Campbell.

Procrastination is the thief of time.  
—Young's Night Thoughts.

A gilded halo hovering round  
decay.—Byron's Giaour.

The thunder, conscious of the new  
command, rumbles reluctant o'er our  
fallen house.—Keat's Hyperion.

They also serve who only stand and  
wait.—Milton.

The stern joy which warriors feel  
in foemen worthy of their steel.—  
Scott's Lady of the Lake.

A little round, fat, oily man of  
God.—Thompson's Castle of Indol-  
ence.

His pity gave ere charity began.  
—Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

Even his failings leaved to virtue's  
side.—16.

To party give up what was meant  
for mankind.—Goldsmith's Retalia-  
tion.

To point a moral or adorn a tale.  
—Johnson's Vanity of Human  
Wishes.

A little bench of needless Bishops  
here, and there a chancellor in em-  
bryo.—Shenstone's Schoolmistress.

Made a sunshine in the shady  
place.—Spencer's Fairie Queen.

Airy tongues that syllable men's  
names.—Milton's Mask of Comus.

As idle as a painted ship upon a  
painted ocean.—Coleridge's Ancient  
Mariner.

Love, the faith whose martyrs are  
the broken heart.—Byron's Childe  
Harold.

God tempers the wind to the shorn  
lamb.—Sterne's Sentimental Jour-  
ney.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.  
—Keat's Endymion.

A flower of meakness on a stem of  
grace.—Montgomery's World Before  
the Flood.

'Tis not in mortals to command  
success; we'll do more, deserve it.—  
Addison's Cato.

Like Dead Sea fruit that tempts  
the eye but turns to ashes on the lips.  
—Moore's Lalla Rookh.

Just prophet, let the damned one  
dwell full in the sight of Paradise,  
beholding heaven, and fearing hell.  
—16.

Coming events casts their shadows  
before.—Campbell

All went merry as a marriage bell.  
—Byron's Childe Harold.

Where youth and pleasure meet to  
chase the glowing hours with flying  
feet.—16.

One of the growing fashions in  
Paris and Vienna is pneumatic  
clocks. Air is compressed into a  
central reservoir, from which pipes  
are carried and laid down to any  
number of houses, and attached to the  
clocks; the pendulum releases the  
same measure of air uniformly which  
moves the clock-work, so that time  
is 'laid on' similar to water and gas.

The soil of India produces no less  
than seventy-seven different varieties  
of rice.

## The Good Grandfather.

The other day, when a good citizen  
wanted s me repairs to his boots, and  
stepped into a small shoemaker's shop  
on Antoine street, he was greatly  
astonished to see a boy about five  
years old playing with a revolver,  
while the old shoemaker pounded  
away at his pegs as contentedly as if  
Colonel Colt never existed.

"Is that revolver loaded?" asked the  
customer, as he hesitated about sit-  
ting down.

"Yaas, I 'spose so," replied the old  
man, "but Johnny wouldn't hurt his  
nice old grandfather, would you,  
Johnny?"

"Noap," briefly answered the boy,  
as he poked a stick into the muzzle  
of the weapon.

"But he may shoot me!" exclaimed  
the customer, backing off.

"Oh, no, he wont! Little Johnny  
wouldn't shoot the gentleman, would  
he?"

"Noap," was the soft reply, as the  
boy blew down the muzzle.

"I'm his grandfather," remarked the  
old man, as the stranger sat down on  
the edge of a chair and slowly pulled  
at his boot. "Some grandfathers  
don't like children, but I can't get  
along without 'em. He's a noble  
youth, that boy is, and I don't be-  
lieve you could hire him to shoot me  
for fifty dollars in cash—could he,  
Johnny?"

"Noap," whispered the boy, who was  
now laying out all his strength in an  
effort to cock the weapon.

The old man put a piece of leather  
to soak, and had just received the  
boot, when bang! went the revolver,  
and the whitewash flew from the ceil-  
ing above.

"Give me that boot—give me that  
boot!" yelled the man as he grabbed  
it and started for the door.

"It was nothing—nobody hurt—  
come back!" called the old man, fol-  
lowing after.

"You ought to be horse-whipped  
for allowing such a thing!" shouted  
the man as he hobbled to a box to sit  
down and pull on his boot.

"No, I hadn't—no, I hadn't," pro-  
tested grandfather, still following.

"Johnny said he wouldn't hurt you,  
and he didn't. He's a noble youth,  
that boy is, and you can depend on  
what he says. Come in—there's no  
danger."

Johnny appeared at the door at  
that moment, wiping the smoke out  
of the barrel with his wet finger, and  
the old man appealingly said:

"Johnny, tell this gentleman that  
you won't accidentally shoot him:  
You wouldn't hurt him for all the  
candy in town, would you?"

"Noap," softly replied the lad as he  
hailed out his finger and wiped the  
grim on his knee, but the man rush-  
ed off as fast as he could go. Some  
men are just that obstinate.—Detroit  
Free Press.

## A Humorist's Dinner.

"Twenty minutes for dinner," shout-  
ed the brakeman, as we approached  
Lathrop.

Arrived there, I entered the dining-  
room and enquired of the waiter:

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Twenty minutes," was the reply.

I told him I would try half-a-dozen  
minutes raw on the half-shell, just to  
see how they went. Told him to make  
a minute of it on his books. He  
scratched his head, trying to compre-  
hend the order, but gave it up, and  
waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood  
near the door with a lot of silver in  
his hand: "What do you have for  
dinner?"

"Half a dollar," says he.

I told him I would take half a dol-  
lar well done: I asked him if he  
couldn't give me, in addition, a boiled  
pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks,  
and 'some seven-thirties garnished  
with postage-stamps and ten-cent  
scrip. And I would like to wash my  
dinner down with national bank  
notes on 'draft.'

He said they were out of every-

thing but the bank notes, and that  
as soon as the train left he would  
order the waiter to 'draw' some.

## A Quickened Conscience.

During a lull in the conversation  
yesterday evening, grandfather  
Lickshingle startled the family by  
remarking:

"I've lived over a hundred years by  
the watch, and never felt this way  
before," and he blinked in a very sor-  
rowful manner.

"What's the matter?" asked mother,  
who was at his side in an instant.

"I don't know," he said, "unless I  
have a quickened conscience," and he  
blinked and stared by turns in a very  
alarmin' manner.

"I feel sort o' hot around the ears,"  
he went on, "an' maybe I'd better con-  
fess."

His whole frame trembled like a  
leaf, and a deadly pallor overspread  
his face. A window was thrown open,  
which seemed to revive him, and he  
gasped:

"I wrote 'Beautiful Snow!'"

"You did nothing of the sort," yell-  
ed father; "I wrote it myself, and I  
can prove it."

Grandfather went on with his con-  
fession:

"I killed old man Junius, and wrote  
the Nathan letters! Bind up my  
horse! Give me another wound!"

Another window was opened. Sum-  
moning his strength again he whis-  
pered:

"It was I who struck Billy Patter-  
son—struck him twice; once for a V,  
next time for a twenty," and grand-  
father fell back in his chair exhaust-  
ed.

## The Engine Snored.

There was an old couple in a sleep-  
ing car on the Canada Southern the  
other evening, who, in due time, re-  
tired to a berth. About five minutes  
afterwards a soul-stirring snore broke  
upon the ears of all present. It pro-  
ceeded from the old gentleman.

"John!" cried the old lady, "and, I  
doubt, nudging him."

"What's the matter?" asked John,  
sleepily.

"Stop your snoring," said his wife.

"Snorin'!" cried the old man indig-  
nantly; "never did such a thing in my  
life."

Off he went to sleep again, and in  
a little while the snoring recommen-  
ced with redoubled vigor.

Once more the wife awoke him.

"Do stop that snoring, John," she  
remarked pleadingly.

"Taint me, 'tis the engine," said he  
testily; "never snored in all my born  
days." And although he was awak-  
ened some eighteen times during the  
night, his only answer was: "Taint  
me, 'tis the engine;" and judging from  
the magnificent proportions of his  
snore, the old man might have been  
right.

"Girls," said a worthy old lady to  
her granddaughters, "whenever a fel-  
low pops the question don't blush and  
stare at your foot. Just throw your  
arms around his neck, look him full  
in the face, and commence talking  
about the furniture. Young fellows  
are mighty nervous sometimes. I  
lost several good chances before I  
caught your fond, dear grandfather  
by putting airs, but I learned how to  
do it after a while."

Eighteen families in New York  
count up \$240,000,000 among them.

A halibut was caught off Block  
Island the other day that weighed  
352 pounds.

Leipsic is to have a new opera  
house, and \$150,000 have already  
been subscribed toward its erection.

Boston has 855 lawyers and law-  
yers' firms, 167 merchants and mer-  
cantile firms, and 625 liquor dealers.

Mrs. Byram, a cattle farmer in  
Illinois, took premiums amounting to  
\$1,150 at agricultural fairs last fall.

A poultry expert informs the  
Maine Farmer that the best way to  
prevent hens eating their eggs—is to  
eat the hens.

Choice Breakfast Strips. Sold low  
down by  
A. FISCHER.

and Morphine habituated.  
The Original and only  
Cure! Send stamp for book on  
Opium, Kaffee, to W. B. Rains,  
Worthington, Greene Co., N.Y.

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